

Bruce Catton Says:

Age Benefit Boosts May Sink Reserve System

WASHINGTON — Unless Congress does something highly unexpected, a flood of government money will start pouring out next January under a new, stream-lined version of the Social Security act.

The administration approved certain alterations in this act early in the spring. The House Ways and Means committee has okayed these changes, and a favorable vote by Congress is in prospect. The results will be far-reaching.

For one thing, the government next year will pay \$175,000,000 in old age \$400,000,000 in 1941; \$555,000,000 in 1942; \$914,000,000 by 1945.

King's Liner Still Fog-Bound; Visit to Ottawa Curtailed

Fog Again Halts Empress of Australia Off Coast Saturday

SHIPS DRIFT IDLY

Fog so thick liner can't see her escort of two cruisers

ABOARD EMPRESS OF AUSTRALIA—(P)—(P)—Fog again halted the Empress of Australia Saturday, and it appeared the liner which is carrying King George and Queen Elizabeth would be a day late reaching Quebec.

At 5:15 a. m. Saturday the liner and her escort drifted idly, with the fog so thick the Empress could not see the cruisers Glasgow and Southampton nearby.

In Ottawa, Prime Minister MacKenzie King announced that the royal visit to the Canadian capital, scheduled May 17-20, would be shortened one day because of the liner's delay.

Union Shop Given the Coal Industry

No Change in Wages or Hours as Long Strike Is Concluded

NEW YORK—(P)—Fifteen of the 21 bituminous coal associations in the Appalachian joint conference Saturday signed a union shop contract with the United Mine Workers (U. M. W.), making possible the return to work of 300,000 miners Monday.

Six Southern groups of operators withdrew from the conference which covers an eight-state area, but several of the companies within the Southern area went along with the operators who signed.

Approval of a union shop contract wiped away the last trace of fear that there would be a coal shortage.

NEW YORK—(P)—An agreement to give John L. Lewis, C. I. O. miners a "union shop" and thus to end the long tie-up of bituminous coal fields in 26 states was reached Friday by negotiators for the Appalachian Conference.

Their recommendations had yet to be accepted by the whole membership of the conference which assembled Friday night in executive session and adjourned until Saturday without acting.

That body, despite the lack of unanimity within it, was expected to give its approval. There were indications some blocs among the operators—particularly Southerners—irreconcilably opposed to extension of the union's power, might withdraw from the conference in protest.

The Appalachian conference is a six-year-old organization—made up of 150 representatives of union and 150 of management—voting under the unit rule and the biggest such instrument for mass labor bargaining in the country. It acts only for the eight-state Appalachian area, but that section produces 70 per cent of the national supply of bituminous coal and its decisions substantially control in the entire belt.

Individual settlements had been under way in the outlying areas, under Lewis' authority and at what amounted almost to a command from federal mediators, 24 hours before the Appalachian negotiators came to their agreement.

The "union shop," the great issue since shortly after the conference met here March 14 to try to write a labor contract to replace that which expired March 31, means that all miners newly employed must join the United Mine Workers—the union Lewis heads—within a specified time. Those currently employed need not join.

No change in pay—a basic \$5.00 a day in the South and \$6 in the North—was made, nor was the old five-day, 35-hour week altered.

The Appalachian shutdown began April 1, involving some 340,000 men, and miners in outlying areas laid down their picks until 460,000 were idle.

Building in Which First Mixed Jury Met Destroyed

LARAMIE, Wyo.—(P)—The building in which the world's first partly female jury met in 1870 is being torn down.

The Laramie DAR chapter placed a tablet on the ramshackle old building in the city, noting it was there that women for the first time were permitted a part in deciding court cases.

It was difficult in the frontier town to get the men to return verdicts of guilty, and since the territorial legislature had just enacted a law granting women suffrage the peaceful folk of Laramie promptly decided it also conferred upon the women the right to jury service. Six women were summoned for the grand jury.

This startling event in the far west caused Kink Williams of Prussia to send a congratulatory cable in President Grant and New York newspapers sent several correspondents to cover the session.

May 8, 1939, was the 25th anniversary of the creation of the Farm Extension Service in the United States.

PUBLISHER KIDNAPED

High School Band Wins Honors in Regional Contest

Luck, Van Sickle and Rounton Take Honors in Solo Events

MARCH ON SATURDAY

Woodwind Trio and Quintet Place Fourth in Band Event

Three members of the Hope High School band won honors in class B competition in the southern regional meeting at Little Rock Friday. The band meeting will continue through Saturday.

Judging is based on three classifications—superior, excellent and good.

J. T. Luck placed superior in the trombone solo; Wallace Van Sickle placed excellent in the cornet and trumpet solo; and William Rounton placed excellent in the saxophone contest.

An Associated Press dispatch from Little Rock Saturday morning said Hope placed fourth in the woodwind trio and fourth in the woodwind quintet.

The woodwind trio is composed of Martha Ann Alexander, Dorell Dempsey and Marion Smith.

The woodwind quintet is composed of Martha Ann Alexander, Marion Smith, Marjorie Diddy, Carolyn Barr, Wallace Boone.

Class B concert contests were to start at 11 a. m. Saturday. There are 11 entries.

The outstanding event of the two-day meet will be the marching contest at 7:15 Saturday night. Ten bands have entered the Class B marching event, including bands from Hope, Magnolia, Texarkana, McGeehe, Dewitt and Stuttgart.

Johnson Is Given Stay of Execution

Governor Bailey Hears Petition for Commutation From Spa

LITTLE ROCK—Indicating he might commute the sentence to life imprisonment, Governor Bailey granted Friday a 35-day stay to Clarence (Bill) Johnson, sentenced to be executed at Tucker convict farm next Friday for the kidnap-murder of Eldon Cooley, Hot Springs chain grocery executive.

Alfred (Pug) Dickson, also convicted of first degree murder in connection with the same crime, also is scheduled to be electrocuted Friday but the governor made no mention of Dickson and it was presumed the governor had decided not to intervene in his case.

Dickson had repeatedly been involved in trouble at Hot Springs. He had been accused of burglary, of motor thefts and of an attempt to kill Joe Wakelin, former Hot Springs police chief. He was the uncle of John Dickson who died December 24, 1938 from injuries said to have been suffered while he was in custody of Hot Springs police, an affair that caused a scandal that resulted in indictment of Wakelin and several other Hot Springs officers. "Pug" Dickson was in custody at the same time but was removed to the county jail following the death of his nephew.

Daylight Saving Time Asked in L. R.

Merchants Ask Mayor to Advance Time One Hour June 1

LITTLE ROCK—On the strength of 3,200 votes cast "for" daylight saving time compared with 348 "against" in balloting during the past two and one-half days, the Capital Avenue Merchants association will ask Mayor Satterfield to issue a proclamation establishing daylight saving system June 1, P. G. Keebey, association president, said Friday night. Ballots were counted at Guthridge Furniture Company, 401 West Capitol. Only signed ballots were counted.

Keebey said the ballots and 14 petitions, signed by Main street and Capital avenue employers and employees wanted the new system would be presented to Mayor Satterfield Saturday. If other firms or persons oppose the plan they should have expressed their opinion, he said.

Daylight saving system will benefit employees by giving them an extra hour of leisure on hot afternoons, Mr. Keebey said. The only interest of employers is to encourage early buying and to give employees the additional leisure, he said.

Should Mayor Satterfield issue the desired proclamation "official time" in Little Rock would be moved up one hour at midnight June 1. City Attorney Ed I. McKinley Jr. has advised that the system can be adopted by the mayor's proclamation, Mr. Keebey said.

Animal Life Causes 'Tomato Soup Sea'

LA-JOLLA, Calif.—(P)—For years the occasional reddish color of the Gulf of California, which has given it the name of the "Vermilion Sea," was considered due to silt washed down by the Colorado River.

Now Dr. W. M. Johnson of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography here explains the color is actually due to minute marine animals known as nudibranchs. Their concentration at times is so intense, he says, the water looks like tomato soup.

English speaking people occupy more than 85 per cent of the continent of North America.

New Army Chief Like Stonewall Jackson in Strategy, Tactics

Gen. Geo. Marshall Is Man Who Once Told Off Pershing

And He Made the American Commander-in-Chief Like It

POPULAR IN RANKS

Believes Most Important Thing Is the Morale of An Army

By BRUCE CATTON
NEA Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON—A soldier's soldier—that's Brig. Gen. George C. Marshall, newly appointed chief of staff of the U. S. Army. And, in his career there is a hint of two famous Confederate generals.

Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest had a recipe for victory: "Get thar fustest with the mostest men." In his present trip to Brazil, Marshall is "getting thar fustest" to visit General Monteiros, chief of staff of the Brazilian army, before Germany can invite him to the Reich to further a bond between the Brazilian and German armies.

Gen. Stonewall Jackson has become a legend of brilliant strategy, daring tactics, an uncanny ability to move infantry faster than any other soldier. In his brilliant World War record, Marshall suggests Jackson.

As chief of the operations section of the general staff of the American army, he set the Meuse-Argonne drive to rolling smoothly with a day-to-day system of making estimates of positions different units would be in when the next day's orders reached them, estimating German positions, then basing the next day's orders on the estimates.

High on Morale

General Marshall believes the most important thing in the army is morale, and his course as chief of staff can be expected to be shaped by that idea. As he sees it, the army right now could build itself up for a bad let-down in morale a little later on. Like this:

Congress is in a generous mood, and army appropriations are up. If army spends its money wisely it can lay in stocks of material that will be serviceable 20 years from now. And the purchase of the material will step up the country's capacity for speedy productions of war goods.

On the other hand, if the army should take advantage of this generous mood to increase its personnel strength largely—then, when the purse strings tighten up again, it will simply have to go through a process of deflation. Officers will be retired, aces discharged, pay and ration allowances may have to be reduced—and morale will suffer incalculably.

The national guard is likely to get sympathetic attention during Marshall's term. From 1933 to 1936, he was senior instructor of the Illinois national guard, and earlier had the Massachusetts guard under his wing.

Quiet, But Vigorous

The general is an enthusiast about the military profession. Tall and rather slim, he has abundant energy, and works at top speed. In civilian clothes, he doesn't look like a soldier, somehow—doesn't affect the bristling mustache, the clipped-off sentences or the semi-Prussian manner of so many army officers.

He is quiet, soft-spoken and is well-liked. For recreation he likes to take walks, ride horseback and play tennis. He does not smoke but does take an occasional drink.

Unlike many army officers, he has the gift of self-expression. When General Pershing found the job of writing his memoirs too tough he called in Marshall to straighten out the tangle, as the new chief of staff can write as fluently as he can speak.

He is not, however, given to sounding off his plans, ideas or achievements—quite the contrary. The annals of the U. S. army are full of instances of talented soldiers who wrote or talked themselves into trouble. General Marshall's name will never be on that list.

General Marshall is well liked in the army, and has been called the most brilliant soldier in the A. F. F.

Not A West Pointer

A graduate of Virginia Military Institute, he got a second lieutenant's commission in 1902 at the age of 20.

He went at once to the Philippines, serving in connection with the Philippine insurrection. Later he was sent to the Infantry-Cavalry school at Fort Leavenworth (graduating as number one student) and to the Army Staff College at the same post.

He served as instructor in the Fort

Protest Stopping of Polish Service

Poland Irate Because Danzig Halts Memorial to Pilsudski

FREE CITY OF DANZIG—(P)—Poland protested to the Nazi-controlled Danzig senate Saturday against the senate's order forbidding a memorial service here Friday night for the Polish hero Joseph Pilsudski.

The senate stopped Poles in Danzig from assembling to honor the late marshal on the ground that the meeting might cause trouble.

Ford Caravan to Arrive Monday

15-Unit Ford Display at Hope Auto Co. Monday Morning

Tom McLarty, manager of Hope Auto company, announced Saturday that a 15-unit Ford commercial and truck caravan will be on display at Hope Auto company Monday, May 15, from 8:30 until noon.

All units are equipped with special bodies and chassis, including trucks, school buses, commercial jobs, and a special Lincoln Zephyr combination nurse and ambulance.

Mr. McLarty extends an invitation to the public to see this outstanding motor equipment.

K. G. Heiry, of the Ford factory, will be in charge of the caravan.

A Thought

God writes the gospel not in the Bible alone, but on trees, and flowers, and clouds, and stars.—Luther.

Cotton

NEW ORLEANS—(P)—May cotton opened Saturday at 8.77 and closed at 8.80 bid, 8.87 asked.

Spot cotton closed quiet seven points up, middling 3.27.

Putnam Is Seized for Publication of Book on Hitler

Kidnapers Demand He Stop Printing It, Then Release Him

FLOUTED WARNINGS

Book "The Man Who Killed Hitler" Causes Los Angeles Incident

BAKERSFIELD, Calif.—(P)—Bound and gagged, George Palmer Putnam, 52, Hollywood publisher, husband of the late Amelia Earhart, was found in an incomplete house here Saturday a few hours after he had been kidnaped from his North Hollywood home.

Putnam, unhurt, said the kidnapers demanded the name of the author of an anonymous book, "The Man Who Killed Hitler," and suggested it would be "healthier" if he ceased printing it.

The publisher said he refused their demands.

He recalled ruefully that he "thought other warnings were phonies."

Receipt of a bullet-ridden copy of the book, and two letters, and a telephone call, had been reported to Los Angeles police within the past month.

Rothschild Freed by Nazis Captors

Famous Austrian Banker Held Prisoner for More Than Year

VIENNA—(P)—Baron Louis Rothschild, head of the Vienna branch of the noted banking family, was released Friday after having been held prisoner by the Gestapo (secret police) since shortly after German annexation of Austria. He left immediately by airplane for Zurich, Switzerland.

His 13 months imprisonment were spent on the top floor of the Metropole hotel in two rooms adjoining those occupied by former Austrian Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg, who apparently still was held in the building.

Relatives in London and Paris intervened in the baron's behalf. Officials were silent regarding the settlement finally reached. Louis is a brother of Baron Eugene Rothschild, host to the Duke of Windsor when the duke came to Austria after his abdication from the British throne. Soon after Louis' imprisonment in April, 1938, it was reported the duke pleaded with German authorities for his release.

Louis Rothschild's palace here in the days of the Austrian republic was the scene of bright social events often attended by government leaders. It now is occupied by a detachment of Nazis.

Credit Onstall, large Vienna bank of which he was president, failed in 1931, involving large government losses and contributing greatly to Austria's financial distress before the war. Many claims against Rothschild resulting from the bank's failure were investigated by Nazi authorities.

Settlement May Be Taken by Japs

Invaders Threaten to Take Over Foreign Colony at Shanghai

SHANGHAI—(P)—Japanese blue-jackets who Friday occupied the Kiangsu International Settlement at Amoy Saturday began rounding up Chinese suspected of anti-Japanese activities.

More than 100 were arrested in house-to-house searches through the little foreign area on an island of one and a half square miles in the harbor of Amoy, 600 miles southwest of Shanghai. Formosan secret agents who have been living in the settlement led the searches.

The surprise occupation, which created apprehension in other international areas of China, brought a warning from a Japanese spokesman that similar action against Shanghai's great International Settlement "may be necessary."

Slaying of a Chinese, Hung Li-Hui, president of the Amoy Chamber of Commerce, while the Japanese naval commander was in the vicinity was given as the reason for the occupation. Japanese said the incident entitled them to the "right of self defense" and accused the settlement's council of failing to take steps against the assailants.

The landing was made without warning to the council, which includes an American member, one of seven Americans living in the settlement.



New army chief of staff—Brig. Gen. George Marshall is fast thinker, shrewd strategist.



Dr. Arthur Fox

MIND Your MANNERS

Test your knowledge of correct social usage by answering the following questions, then checking against the authoritative answers below:

1. Which of these introductions is correct? "Mr. Brown, may I present Mrs. Smith," or "Mrs. Smith, Mr. Brown?"
2. When you do not know whether a man and woman have met should you say "Miss Gray, do you know Mr. Black?" or "Mr. Black, do you know Miss Gray?"
3. Should a man refer to his wife as "the wife?"
4. In quoting her husband to friends should a doctor's wife say, "Doctor says—?"
5. What is the correct response to an introduction? "What would you do if—?"

You are a woman introducing your mother-in-law to another woman. Would you say—

- (a) "Mrs. McDougal, I want you to know my mother-in-law."
- (b) "Mrs. McDougal, this is Dick's mother."
- (c) "Mrs. McDougal, this is Mrs. O'Brien?"

Answers

1. The latter.
2. The latter.
3. No. "Tom says—"
4. No. "What would you do?"
5. Best "What would you do?" solution—either (a) or (b) is better than (c) because you don't explain the relationship.

CRANIUM CRACKERS

Memory Teaser

Read the following over once: George, fitting himself for a trip packed two suits, five shirts, three suits of underwear, six ties, and a razor. His mother suggested that he needed one less tie, so he took one of them out of the suitcase, but added three handkerchiefs.

NOW COVER UP THE UPPER HALF OF THE PROBLEM!

From memory, write down what George took on the trip with him. Then turn to Page Two to see if you've remembered everything.

In New York

By George Ross

NEW YORK — Time was when most of Broadway delighted in the comical fruitless of the show girl. Not a very polite thing to do, but there were times when these girls' collective lack of erudition induced some unavoidable chuckles.

Vera, a lovely chorine of the now defunct Hollywood restaurant, was a prime offender. Many of us recall a conversation wherein the name of Thackeray arose.

"Who is he?" asked Vera, in all her wide-eyed wonder.

"Thackeray?" offered Harry Richmond. "Why he is the author of 'Vanity Fair'."

"Really?" was the devastating reaction. "That's swell! when can I meet him? I'm dying to get my picture in that magazine!"

Vera, incidentally, is the gal who once referred to Thomas Edison as the author of "Electra."

Polished Pretties

But that as a decade ago. Take the present crew of lovelies. Specifically, take the gals now employed by impresario Dick Blair for his current show at the Paradise, a high light of Manhattan night life. The Paradise girls are a far cry from their predecessors of ten years ago. They are, mostly, bright gals with a definite hope of getting ahead professionally.

Take Eleanor Boylen. Eleanor is a chestnut-haired gal from Cleveland. Studied at Ohio State University, too, before the lure of Broadway night life got her. Eleanor is an expert on the works of Balzac, Victor Hugo, Moliere. Her skill with the French language won her a medal at high school and helped pave the way for a scholarship in college. She preferred the theater via the night club route.

A decade ago, night club chorines lived in a world all their own. That is, a Sime Silverman, late editor of Variety, was more significant than Shakespeare, and a Hoagy Carmichael was a greater figure than a Verdi or a Puccini.

But there is a noticeable change. Chamberlain, Einstein, Morgenthau, Daladier, Piccard and such front page notables are well known to the Paradise personnel. Charlene Harkius, for instance, has recently returned from England. She was a guest at a party tendered by Viscount Villiers, son of the Earl of Clarendon. Charlene seems to talk of the British playboy. She is rather interested in English policies of state and their effect upon the general European situation.

Night Nurse

Medicine and surgery? They are the midnight conversational meat of chorister Adele Ann Murphy, of the Paradise. Adele originally studied to become a nurse. She had registered at the Flower Hospital in Manhattan for that purpose, but for one reason or another, had drifted into the night club circuit. She is an intelligent, well-bred beauty who stubbornly insists that the field of medicine hasn't as yet, lost her for keeps.

Helen Waldron, one of the Paradise's more comely red-heads, is an art enthusiast. In a discussion the Levant, among others, in her knowledge of the subject. A frequent visitor to the town's art galleries, she rates well above the I. Q. level of her professional sister in ten seasons back.

Gloria Diane Smyley, another Blair lovely, attends a metropolitan evening college and takes a course in merchandising. She hopes to become a significant figure, some day, in the commercial world.

So—what threw that bromide about being "beautiful but dumb"? These gals listen to "Information Please" in lieu of swing music, prefer a film such as "Wuthering Heights" to "Common Day" and read Steinbeck more often than film fan magazines.

Broadway minds have changed. But as Oscar Levant, the man-about-town, put it, "the curves are just about the same."

Lunch Box Brightener

For a lunch box feature (office or school) make sandwich filling of equal parts of cottage cheese and apple butter. Spread on Graham or Boston brown bread slices.

Moth Warning

Before you put on your furniture summer slip covers see that the furniture has been well aired and cleaned to remove any traces of moths.

In 1937 the average running time per active spindle in the textile industry was 3,970 hours; in 1927 it was 3,209 hours.

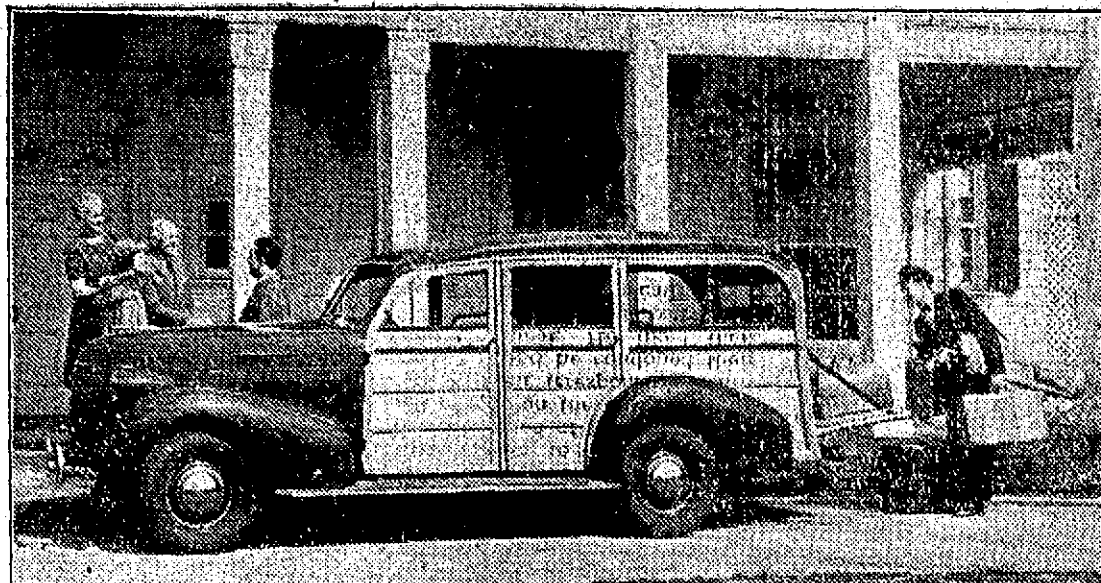
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Has Cold Wall Refrigeration
Automotive Supply Co.
PHONE 141

New All-Round Utility Model



Summer's approach forecasts many such scenes as this, for the Station Wagon is closely associated with the idea of vacation time and pleasant leisure hours. Actually, however, the car itself gets little rest, as a rule, for its all-round utility keeps it on the move. This new Chevrolet, for instance, has comfortable accommodation for eight passengers, and space for a large quantity of luggage or other package-carrying. It is popular not only with "two-residence" families and large estates, but with taverns, hotels and ranches.

Finds Career in Parenthood

By NEA Service

WOOSTER — Mrs. Otella Compton, at 80 chosen "the American mother of 1939," has no sovereign recipe for other mothers to follow.

The tall, stately widow of Wooster College's late president hesitates to mention the cardinal tenet of her own formula — prayer — for fear people will not believe her.

"But it's true — here was not a morning I did not pray," she says, for



divine guidance in rearing her own famous family—Arthur Holly Compton, 1927 Nobel prize winner in physics and professor at University of Chicago; Karl Taylor Compton, president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Wilson Martindale Compton, general manager of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and Mary Compton Rice, Presbyterian missionary and wife of the principal of Christian College, Allahabad, India.

"I did not have time for many things outside the home when they were little," says this white-haired, gracious mother who was chosen by the American Mothers' National Committee of the Golden Rule Foundation as the 1939 "representative of the best there is in womanhood, the voice of inarticulate millions of mothers throughout the nation."

"I was unwilling to leave them to nurses. I feel the same rule holds children's lives, but we must ever be near to guide," she says.

Mrs. Compton lives alone, save for a house girl, in a pleasant white frame home on quiet College street, near the place of learning where her husband served until his death at 81.

Touch of India

It is like all old houses in old Ohio towns, its central place the "parlor." But her parlor has an exotic touch that few such have; an exquisitely carved teakwood table and fire screen to match, from her daughter in India; a box of rosewood, sandalwood and ivory; little ebony and -plaster statuettes of Indian natives.

It was shortly after the Napoleonic war that Mrs. Compton's Maroon ancestors settled in Butler County where she was born, in Woodsdale, Dec. 6, 1858. She went to school in Woodsdale where her teacher was none other than Elias Compton.

In 1875 she went to Western Female Seminary at Oxford for a year, but the necessity of earning money and nursing her invalid mother forced her to return and teach at Woodsdale. It was 1888 before she finally graduated from Western.

"It took me 10 years to work my way through college," says this graduate of a day when few women went to college. "My family fortunes were swept away in the inflation period that followed the Civil War. But I never had any other thought than to finish and obtain my degree, no matter how long it took."

"That's how I felt about raising my family. I felt nothing was too hard

or too much of a sacrifice to achieve the kind of children I wanted to send out into the world."

After her graduation in 1888 she married her former teacher Mr. Compton, who had meanwhile become professor

of philosophy at Western.

Western College once presented her with an honorary doctor of law degree "for outstanding achievement as a wife and mother"—thus making her the only woman ever so honored for motherhood.

Still Open-minded

Mrs. Compton mind is open to "modern" ways, wherever their usefulness may be demonstrated. Witness

• SERIAL STORY

DATE WITH DANGER

BY HELEN WORDEN

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Yesterday, Mary Franklin, society editor, drops in at Duke's party, asks where Janice French is. He denies knowing. Mary shows her office and as she calls Duke puts in a call too, but there is no answer.

CHAPTER III

THE sleet, whipped by a strong wind, shrouded Lower New York. Empty office buildings loomed like gigantic tombstones in the half-dusk of early night, their blackness strengthened by the thousand lights which twinkled from the New York Morning Gazette. An occasional late worker hurried toward the building, his head bent low to save himself from the sharp prickle of the sleet as it blew in his face. Otherwise the streets were deserted.

The howling darkness made the hustle and bustle of the big newspaper seem doubly cheerful. People stood about in the lobby talking. Elevators shot up and down the shafts. Messenger boys stalked back and forth, their rubber ponchos gleaming with melting sleet and from the lower floors of the paper came the rumbling of the presses. On the 12th floor the click of typewriters proclaimed the location of the editorial offices. At intervals the pounding of keys was punctuated by cries of "Copy!" as this reporter or that one hurried to make a deadline. The first edition was going to press in 10 minutes.

"Give me all the ad you've got on Janice French." Tom Ladd stuck his head out from the managing editor's office and then drew it back just as suddenly.

He could do more things at the same time than any juggler who'd ever spun plates at a circus show. Here was a queer man with a singular career. It was inevitable that he would eventually land on a newspaper. In his late 30s with something of the hawk in his handsome face, he had been managing editor of the Gazette five years. Before that he'd been city editor and before that cable editor. He seldom talked about his early life, but it was known that he'd gone to Harvard and that he'd shipped as a sailor to the Orient the year he left college. He'd written for pulps, edited a housewife's magazine (he never mentioned this) and once, when he was broke, composed menus for a physical culture restaurant. He'd also slept on park benches and stood in bread lines.

NOW he lived in a bachelor apartment on Lower Fifth avenue, drove a low-slung black roadster, and smoked a pipe. The newspaper game suited his adventurous philosophy. He interested himself in its functioning. He never tired of listening to the fellows talk on the city desk. He admired their irresponsible sentimentalism and he condoned their gambling spirit. He liked their good humor, their generosity, and their sudden mania for causes. He knew by instinct exactly how to treat them. He had a real tender-ness for them. He could smell news. He also had a healthy temper and a strong voice. Good-looking in a dramatic way, he could be hard-boiled one moment and Chesterfieldian the next. Everybody in the office but himself knew he was in love with Mary, that is everybody except Mary.

This evening, returning to his swivel chair, he pressed a telephone to his ear and mouth with his left hand, okayed copy with his right and shoved a desk drawer shut with his right foot, the while bellowing into the re-



Illustration by E. H. Gunder.

The voice on the line stopped suddenly, terminated by a shriek. Ladd heard the receiver crash to the floor.

"What do these fool society girls mean by playing around with veneered hoodlums like Duke Martin? Understand this, Mary! Janice French's family have asked

the police to make a secret search for her. Maybe the Duke knows where she is. Maybe he doesn't. Somebody knows. Half the town may know, but the Gazette doesn't know. Get the story!"

Jamming up the receiver, Ladd began pounding the desk. "Bring me the clips on Janice French, Pete," he yelled to a scurrying office boy, "and make it snappy." Then he settled back in his chair. Half an hour later, Ladd, still excitedly puffing his pipe, pressed a buzzer marked "City Editor" as "Come in, Crossie," he called, as "Padraig, Crossie," the city editor, looked inquiringly through the door, "I want to talk to you about Janice French."

CROSSIE was thin with a long, sawtooth face, prominent nose, large and bony, and great shaggy, sandy eyebrows. When he first appeared in the editorial rooms of the Gazette 15 years before, it had been rumored that he was an Irish radical. There were few in the office even now who remembered his coming, but they knew that he did speak Gaelic and that he had an amazing knowledge of the stars. Aside from this he had proved himself a good newspaper man, which was all that really mattered.

"Janice is still missing," said Crossie briefly, draping his lanky form over the edge of Tom's desk. "That's why I want to talk to you. A grand story here if we can get at the bottom of it. Where's that office boy with those clips?"

Pete ducked in, dropped an envelope marked "Janice French" on the desk and sidled out. He'd worked on the Gazette long enough to know when to steer clear of the boss.

"Now here's a society girl who's fallen for a killer," continued Tom, forgetting his frenzy over the story, the sarcastic remark he was about to fling at Pete. "She's easy to look at. She's rich and she's out for thrills. A natural for a

Sulphur Stops Ticks (If You Can Stand It)

BOULDER, Colo.—(P)—For the out-of-doors man who wants to evade disease carrying woodticks H. A. Lennartz of Boulder recommends plain sulphur.

"Ticks, like human beings, cannot bear the smell of sulphur," says Lennartz, Boulder county treasurer.

"If a person places pulverized sulphur around the neck, wrists and ankles it cuts off the five common avenues through which the ticks reach bare flesh. The ticks, that carry tick fever, tularemia and tick paralysis, will not cross this sulphur barrier."

Lennartz said it takes a strong-willed man, however, to put up with the sulphur.

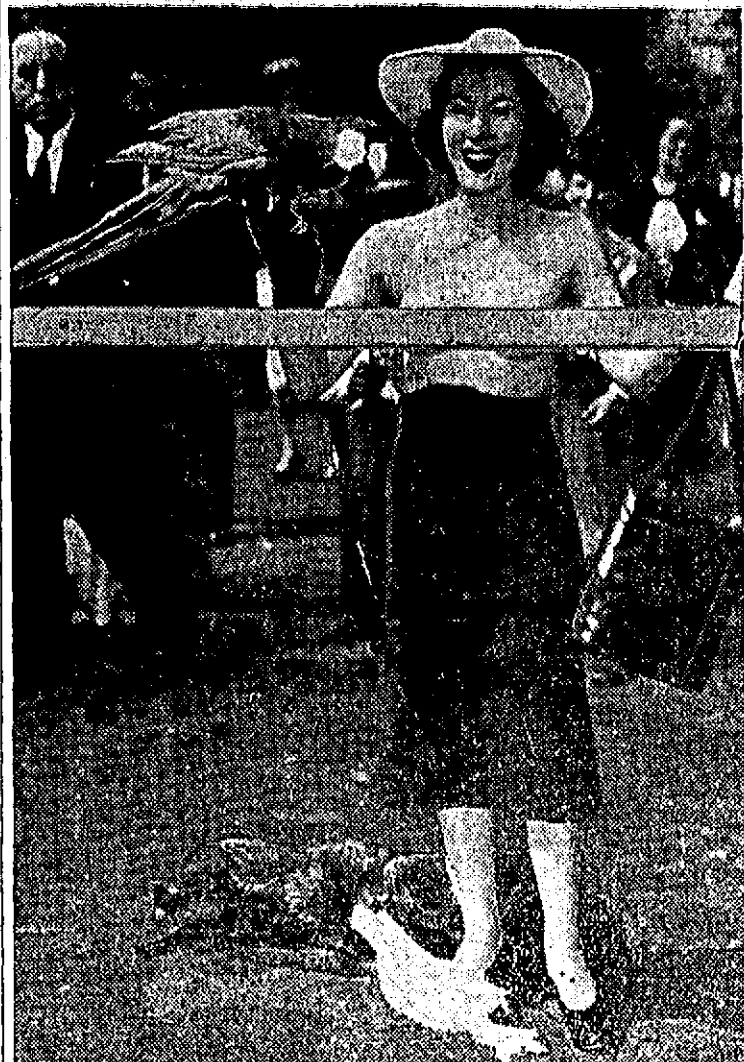
the fact that she learned how to drive at 72 in order to take her husband, whose leg had been amputated after a stroke, into the country for air.

"I quite, though, lately," she says. "I figure when a person gets to be 80 his judgement isn't so sure and driving always filled me with a terrible sense of responsibility for other people lives—something that a lot of young morons don't seem to have these days."

Mrs. Compton was excited about the broadcast she will make from New York City, May 4—Mother's Day—to the mothers of the nation. "I want to put a lot of thought into preparing it," she said.

The telephone and doorbell kept ringing, people kept bringing flowers, telegrams, messages of congratulation, all in all more excitement than the Compton household had seen since it echoed to the whoops and shout of childhood laughter.

Cops Wouldn't Fake Dare



When strip-dancer Yvette Dare appeared on the crowded New York World's Fair Midway, as pictured above, and proceeded to have her trained macaw publicly undress her to semi-nudity, it seemed like a sure-fire invitation for a publicity-rich arrest. But the stunt flopped when blasé cops merely yawned, crowds were indifferent, and the broiling sun forced her retreat.

RAISING A FAMILY

By Olive Roberts Barlon

Fists Are a Boy's Calling Card in New Neighborhood.

Frank had moved before. He knew so how hard it was to make friends in a new school. There wasn't much time left before vacation, so if he was to have any buddies during the summer, he'd better get busy at once.

Usually the first move came from the fellows themselves. Not friendly ones, oh, no. An old crowd, tried and true to each other, could hardly be expected to hug a stranger to their bosoms. Frank, himself, once he had landed a place in a neighborhood-gang, was as snooty as the best of them. Any new boy had to show him, so he expected the same thing now, himself.

The first few days were uneventful. He was allowed to pass either unnoticed or under a barrage of amused stares. Frank preferred more open hostility, because it led to a show down.

Words or even blows. That gave him a chance to project himself in a running jump and tackle the challenger. He was pretty good at duels. Not big, his strength and agility were deceiving and usually took his enemy off guard.

In any case, his motto was, "Do it first, what they would—and will—do to you." Politeness and the milk of human kindness was decidedly out. That was girl stuff and he would have blushed with shame to win his laurels.

But, alas, schools are different. This one puzzled Frank. The boys were not fighters. They dressed well and had money to spend. They merely continued to let him alone with that bored indifference that would have done a Mayfair club credit.

One day it happened that Archy and Frank found themselves together at the drugstore counter.

Frank waited for Archy. Would he say anything? Finally he did. He said, "What does your father do?"

Our Frank was a fast thinker. "He steals money boys and bites off their tails," he said.

He just said, "I'll fix you for that."

And Frank said, "Do it now."

In a split second two boys were tumbling each other on the floor.

Frank let Archy off easy. He strode away without a word. But Archy held his tongue. He had to decide whether it was easier to be friends with this quick wit or have an enemy who could rout him at two games, words or fists. He decided to be friends. The other boys finally gave in. Frank had scored.

You see, a new boy has to have spunk. And he has to do the best he can at all times. We must not drive him, but we must not pity him openly. He will work it out in his own way.

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